

THE
RISING SUN:

OR,
VERSES

UPON THE
Queens Birth-Day.

Celebrated *April 30.* MDCXC.

*Landibus angeri tua GLORIA nil potis ultra,
Et nostra nil vocis eget.-----Vida, in Art. Poet.*



Hampden

London, Printed Anno MDCXC.

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Queens Birth-Day.

Great Soul of Nature, Source of all
our Joys,
Monarch of th' Universe, whose
genial Rays,

'Of Motion and of Life the only Spring
Entitle Thee, with Justice, to be King
Of all that lives, breaths, or moves here below;
Since from thy Heat and Light all theirs do flow:
How well thou'rt made the Embleme and Devise
Of that Celestial Nymph, whose glorious Rise
Ennobles this blest Day, chasing our Night,
Doubling the Glory of thy Sacred Light.

How

How lately we in Darknes were involv'd !
 Our ~~British~~ World ready to be dissolv'd ;
 Our Laws, our Liberty did gasping lye,
 And we for help in vain did sigh and cry ;
 When all our Patriots loudly did proclaim *
 Help and Deliverance from one other Name
 They could expect than this bless'd Princess, when
 She was desir'd by all good English Men,
 More than the rising of her Planet was
 By all those *Persons*, who at once did gaze
 To see that sight, which who could first behold
 Was to be circled in th' Imperial Gold.

When we had suffer'd long enough to know
 The Value of that Good Heaven would bestow ;
 Within our Hemisphere this Star appear'd,
 And put an end to all the Ills we fear'd.
 Preceded by her Morning-Star, and led,
 (The worthy Partner of her Throne and Bed)
 Our Glorious Sun on our Horizon rose,
 Scatter'd all Mists, satisfy'd all, but those (Crimes
 Whose Deeds had made them hate the Light, whose
 Sought the Confusion of the darkest Times.

* See Burnet's Papers, and others, which were filled with Discourses of the hopes we had in the Succession of the Princess of Orange.

At first the Blessing seem'd beyond belief,
 All with loud pray'd fort; few could credit give,
 But when we saw Heav'n meant in truth to lend
 Assistance to us, and by her to send
 When she descended on our happy Isles
 (A certain gage of Providences smile.)
 When we beheld her mounted on the Throne,
 Expressing all those Graces which alone
 In her concentr'd, set her far before
 The Heroines so vaunted heretofore.
 When she and her great Comfort did receive
 The greatest Present mortal Men can give,
 And at their Feet their Nation's Wisdom laid
 That Crown, which scarce their Labours fully paid.
 With what transports of Joy, upon her Face
 We all admiring saw that charming Grace
 To her peculiar, where her Piety
 And Modesty plainly appear'd to vye
 With Love to sinking England, whose demand
 Of Help and Succour from her Royal Hand
 Determin'd Her that vacant Seat to fill,
 Assigned unto her by Heaven's Will;
 Pronounc'd by the best explainer of God's Choice,
 And surest Evidence, the People's Voice.
 Blest Contest! where the terms, *Country and Wife*,
 Strove with her Love to him that gave her Life!

And

And more blest Victory, where **Love** to **Man**kind
Triumph'd o're all things, in her **vertuous** **Mind**.

Nor did the **Progress** any way **allay**
 Our **Hopes** for rais'd by what we **saw** that **Day**.
 The **Order** introduc'd in every part
 Where she concern'd her self, the happy **Art**
 So little practis'd in former **Reigns**,
 Of making use of all her **Courtiers** **Chains**
 For **Cords** to draw them to adorn her **Court**,
 By all that's **vertuous** and of good report,
 Shew'd us how great a **Blessing** **Heaven** intends
 For those to whom it such a **Princess** sends,
 No **Scandal**, no **Offence** within her **VValls**:
 Under her **Care** and **Conduct** all that falls
 Admits no **blemish**, all things are **secure**
 Under her **vig'lant** **Eye**, and all things **pure**,
 Her **Virgin's** **Chastity** no **Guard** requires,
 Their **tender** **Souls** acquainted with no **Fires**,
 But with that **Ardour** which does them **inflame**
 To honour their great **Mistress**, and her **Fame**
 Still to advance, teach what by **daily** use
 Such **Precepts** and **Example** can produce:
 Their **Wants** her **bounteous** **Hand** so well **supply's**,
 Their **Wishes** she so fully **satisfy's**,

And

Should

Should ~~you~~ from Heav'n come in a golden Shower,
He'd find no *Damæ* within that Bower.

Is any Sick, Distressed, Lame, or Poor?
Their natural resort is to her Door:
Where Limbs, and Health, and Succor they all find,
So like her Saviour's is her pious Mind;
So universally she casts her Eyes
On all that need her help; it does suffice
To be in misery, to have a right
To her protection, and her helping might.
Her *Piety* looses the Captive's Chains;
From offer'd Thanks her modesty refrains.
So affable, so courteous, that her Mouth
The Law of Kindness gives: From North to South
No Character like her's you'll ever see,
Such sweetness mix't with so much Majesty.
To that degree, that Envy's worst effort
Ne're feign'd in her faults of another sort,
But only this (ridiculous device!)
That she too good, too condescending is.
An English Fault, which in her Royal Mind,
With English Vertues happily conjoin'd,
Such as good Nature, and good Temper are,
Do all produce in her a Character

So great as if compar'd, will pould down
 All those of other Heads that wear a Crown
 Th' exactness of her Judgment's understood
 By those whose Fortune makes them have the good
 To stand before her, and those Accents hear
 Those charming Accents, those Decisions clear
 Abounding in good Sense and Judgment sound
 When she thinks fit false Notions to confound
 On all that need her help; it does suffice

But above all, her Piety prevails;
 That Crown of Virtues that which never fails;
 That which will make her happy, when the Law
 Of frail Mortality shall her withdraw
 From all our longing Eyes, and shall unite
 Her precious Substance to that Globe of Light
 Which I her Greatness to adumbrate life;
 Loth to her Merit Justice to refuse.
 Whoever knew her said an excellence
 Of Piety? Whoever saw her Eyes
 VVander, or any other Action prove
 VVant of Devotion, or defect of Love
 And yet her Mearest heart of Zeal none saw
 Or ever could observe from her to draw
 Those superstitious Cringes which such Fools
 Are wont to use, that Priests have made their Tolls

Her Sovereign Judgment shews her how to take
 The Temper just, what difference to make
 Between a solid Piety, and that
 V Which Bigots counterfeit, a spurious Brat,
 Not got 'twixt Heaven and a vertuous Soul,
 Nor made our vicious Passions to controul,
 But of base Fear and corrupt Policy,
 The nauseous Fruit, and Nurse of Tyranny.
 She knows in such divided Times as these,
 Like a true Nursing-Mother, how to please
 Her wrangling Children, and when those did come
 To bid their long'd-for Princes welcome home,
 Who in some lesser things dissent from those
 Our Laws the Pulpits to supply have chose;
 Far from insulting, or despising such,
 Who came her Golden Scepter's top to touch,
 That under her a Life from Force secure
 They now might lead, in her protection sure,
 To them she stretch'd the evil-charming Rod,
 And did encourage them to serve their God,
 And to acquit their Conscience. Then (said she)
 It is my Will, and shall my business be
 To end dissent in Church * (as well as State)
 And all your bleeding VVounds consolidate.
 By From

* See her printed Answer to Dr. Bates's Speech, made in the name and presence of a
 great number of Nonconformist Ministers.

From *Cyrus* nor from *Artaxerxes* Throne
 More pleasing Oracles the Jews had none.
 And when her peaceful Lips had thus dispell'd
 Those venerable Person's fears, and quell'd
 Their apprehensions, she did not disdain
 To ask their Prayers for her happy Reign.
 Heav'n hear those Pray'rs, and plentifully shed
 A shower of Blessings on her Royal Head,
 Such as its choicest Fav'rites do partake,
 And for her own and her dear Country's sake,
 Lengthen the course of her Prosperity,
 And rather than our Hopes with her should die,
 Take from our Years to add unto her days
 Too happy Victims! Fate above all praise!

Her Vertue's Politick come next in view :
 The Difficulty here's not to say true,
 But 'tis to say enough. If strong desire
 To save her Country from the raging Fire
 Which had almost devour'd it, if success
 Obtain'd by this new *Esther's* warm Address,
 If Days consum'd in Prayers, and Nights in Tears,
 That we might be deliver'd from our Fears,
 If utmost Hazards run upon the Main,
 And more than this, if yielding to constrain

Her

Her pious Inclinations for our sake
 Can on our grateful Hearts th'impression make
 Such Actions call for ; if her modesty
 And self-denial can but make us see,
 How she our Peace prefers before her Power,
 And what new Debts we owe to her each hour,
 To some degree at least, we may pretend
 Our matchless Queen's Deserts to comprehend.

In the last Century, when this our Land
 Submitted to a Virgin-Queen's Command,
 And when our Ancestors by her were sav'd
 From Popery, and kept from being enslav'd,
 How did they all conspire to raise her Fame?
 How dear to after-times will be her Name?
 And yet to those who estimate things right,
 To those (I say) whose penetrating sight
 Enables them to judge of the degrees
 Of Vertue, which accordingly they prize,
 It will appear our Modern *Heroine*
 Beyond *Elizabeth* as far does shine,
 As Her bright Luminary does outvie
 The pale-fac'd *Cynthia's* conquer'd Deity.
 'Tis true, she once gave back a Subsidie
 Unto her People, and so made them see

She ask't their Treasure for no other end,
 But that with it she might their Rights defend;
 And when Necessity did not require
 The Purse-strings should be open'd, her desire
 Was rather them her Treasurers to see
 Than she the fleecer of the Flock should be;
 Richer in their Affections than their Gold,
 A Heritage not to be bought or sold.
 This was a great Example, I agree,
Elizabeth approv'd her self to be
 Fit for a Place in that Ring where the Names
 Of Princes Good must eternize their Fames.
 But when there's Names enow to fill each Place,
MARY's the Jewel that the Ring must grace:
 She, not content a Subsidy to give,
 For *England's* Good; that by which she must live,
 Her whole Subsistence rather chose to lose *
 Than give pretence to any to suppose
 An Interest distinct from him whose Star
 Has blest him by uniting him with her,
 Or rather than the least pretext afford
 To the Opposers of this BLESSED ACCORD.

To

* When the Parliament would have given her a distinct Maintenance, and she declar'd she would have nothing but from the King.

To good Advice *Elizabeth* gave ear ;
 For Counsellors she singled such as were
 Friends to the Nation's Int'rest, not for show,
 But by their help to be directed so,
 That she might feed the People for their Good,
 Not Poyson ministring instead of Food.
 She rul'd by Law, nor thought it a disgrace
 Our Laws and Reason in a higher place
 To set, than that Parasites use to give
 To what they call Royal Prerogative.

MARY not only willing to have Bounds
 Fix't to that Torrent which all things confounds,
 Not willing only to be ty'd by Law,
 And govern so as all our Hearts to draw,
 Though crown'd and recognis'd by full consent ;
 Though on her Head the Sacred Oil was spent ;
 Although a Sovereign and a Regnant Queen,
 Yet this great Princess, that it might be seen,
 How she despis'd her Greatness in compare
 With those whose Welfare was her chiefeft care,
 Surpass'd *Henry's* Daughter, more alone
 Than she had pass'd all that before had gone.
 For she, to manifest what Love she bare
 Unto the English Nation, and what care

She

She took that Union strict to entertain,
 Which makes a happy Land, and glorious Reign;
 And then at once her deep respect to show
 To him whom *Hymen's* Bands had join'd her to,
 Suspending the Effect of Heaven's Call,
 Did quite sit by, not governing at all.
 And though we all Allegiance to her swore,
 Our Laws and Coin her Name and Image wore,
 Love to her Husband, and her Native Land
 Made her contented nothing to Command.
 'Twere easy by this Parallel drove on
 To shew how much this Queen has that out-done.
 And if her dawning Light produce such things,
 What shall we think her Noon-day Lustre brings?
 Those that would know what future Times contain,
 Take a fore-taste of her auspicious Reign,
 Be told what Conquests she's to make abroad,
 (Our Christian *Semiramis*) what Road
 To Glory's Temple must her Chariot lead,
 Have nothing else to do but only read
 What Foreign Bards of this Great Queen do sing, †
 Renewing under her th'Eternal Spring

Which

† See the end of the 111th Vol. of the *Bibliothèque Universelle*, where there is a Prophecy in French Verse, by way of Paraphrase upon another in Latin Verse published in Holland, in a Book called *Fur Academicus*. Two of the Verses are these;

Pour delivrer le pauvre & l'affligé qui crie,
 Les lys viendront filer dans les mains de MARIE.

And

Which made the Beauty of the Golden Age
 And fills each Poet's Heart-enchanting Page.
 They shew who shall to her dread Scepter bow,
 What Lawrels flourish on her Sacred Brow,
 And what a croud of Blessings do attend
 Those People who upon her Laws depend.

But there's no need at all of Foreign Praise
 The Glory of this Peerless Queen to raise.
 Did not we see prostrate before her fall
 Those Subjects of her own who heard the Call

Of

And at the end of the same Prophecy, having magnified the Happiness of the Man that should live to see the Days there described, the Author concludes thus;

Il verra, je le dis, l'équité refléurie,
 Et les Rosés naissant sous les pas de *MARIE*.

See also a Magnificent Panegyrick written lately for the King, and sent to him by a Learned Man in Swisserland, named Holtzhalbuis, heretofore a Regent in the College at Orange. In this Poem, speaking of the Parliament's presenting the Crown to their present Majesties, he hath these Verses, to shew the admiration the World has of the Queen's Vertue, and others great Qualities;

Conveniunt Regni Proceres, faustisq; Triumphis
 Wilhelmi applaudunt Magni, revocantq; *MARIAM*,
 E' Batavis Sponsam, Regnis tantq; Marito
 Dignam, quæ reliquas mirandæ lumine formæ,
 Diviniq; animi præclaris dotibus omnes
 Præcellit Nymphas, ut stellas Luna minores.

Of Heaven from another World, and came
 To her, that they might abdicate their Name,*
 Henceforth their Country *MARYLAND* to call,
 A thing agreed upon by Great and Small?
 And 'tis no wonder, since that pow'rful Charm
 Must fill their Country, and their Foes disarm.
 That Clemency, that Goodness which did shine
 When she receiv'd their Homage, that Divine
 That Noble Air of Greatness which appear'd,
 And made her lov'd at once no less than fear'd,
 Had they still Savages or Rebels been,
 Would have reduc'd them under such a Queen.

Thus her great Deeds, from my Poetick Vein,
 Lead me to write the Annals of her Reign.
 But that's a Work must crown with lasting praise
 The *Livy's* and the *Camden's* of our Days.
 This flying Leaf containing, without Art,
 The Sentiments of a submissive Heart
 With admiration struck, and Joy to find
 Such radiant Vertues in a Monarch's Mind,
 (Where nothing is but naked Fact laid down,
 By none contested, and to few unknown)
 Shall end with Wishes such as flow from Men
 Whose fraudless Souls are painted by their Pen.

May

* See the Address presented to the Queen at Kensington, by the Deputy's of New-England.

May this bright Day, when Heav'n made to this Land
 The choicest Present of it's liberal Hand,
 Be multiply'd so often, still abound
 With fresh Successes, may it still be crown'd
 At home with Palmes and Olives, and from Climes
 Remote with Trophies deck'd so many times,
 Till thou (Great Queen) thy Ancestors in Years
 Exceed'st as much as does thy Vertue Theirs.
 And when they Crown, transform'd into a Star,
 Shall equal shine with *Berenice's Hair*,
 May still this lower Orb thy Glory fill,
 Thy Praises eccho from the forked Hill,
 And may thy Birth an Epoch settled be
 By those who write our English History,
 An Epoch more illustrious than those
 Of *Nabonassar*, and of him who chose
 Hope for his Portion, knew the worth of Praise,
 Gave all away, only reserv'd the Bays,
 And Envy bore to *Thetis* Valiant Boy
 More for his *Homer* than his War with *Troy*.

Thou art a Queen by God and Man design'd :
 Choice with Succession's in thy Person join'd.
 The Patriarchal Right and Genarchy
 With Institution do in thee agree.

C

Thou

Thou hast both Law and Nature on thy side,
 And that by which we most of all are ty'd,
 Is that we judg thee, by all we have seen,
 * A Natural and a Platonick Queen.
 May Heav'n and Men by joint consent maintain
 The Product of them both, thy glorious Reign.
 And since the Will of thy Great Spouse so well
 Is seconded by both the House's Zeal,
 Who now do call thee to exert that Power
 Which latent in thee did reside before;
 May all thy Subjects thee as well obey
 As he that celebrates this happy Day;
 May'st thou with such applause ascend the Throne,
 So exercise the Government alone,
 That when again Victorious he shall come
 From Lands ne're conquer'd by the Ancient Rome,
 That Diadem he still may brighter find
 Which does (Great Queen) thy Sacred Temples bind,
 And more resplendent far than when the Charms
 Of Martial Glory drew him from thine Arms.
 In Silks and Shades let other Queens express
 Vertues which thou so fully dost possess †.

Let

* Plato says, there are some, who, by the excellency of their Endowments, are Kings by Nature. So that a Platonick Prince is one who is worthy to be such. This is, a Notion much insisted on by Col. Sidney, in his Answer to Filmer.

† Mary Queen of Scots, who wrought a Suit of Hangings for a Chamber at Hardwick, where all the Vertues are represented by Symbolical Figures.

Let others shew by working Beasts and Men,
 How far the Needle does out-do the Pen;
 Let neighb'ring Monarchs pass their precious Hours
 In viewing Medals, and in planting Flowers;
 Let them with wild *Chimeras* fill their Brains,
 Employ the Poets and the Painter's pains,
 Imaginary Conquests to declare,
 For forc'd Conversions Monuments to rear;
 And let their Brain-sick Fancy them persuade
 Gods are made by *Le Brun* and *La Feuillade*;
 Do thou thy Mind and Thoughts (Princess) apply
 To rule thy Kingdoms all with Equity
 (These are thy Arts) of Peace to give the Rule,
 To spare the Humble, and the Proud Controul;
 And since thy lovely Sex, so full of Charms
 Has been to us so happy; in our Arms
 Planted the Lillies, since it did unite
 In lasting Bands the Red Rose and the White;
 May'st thou reconquer Lands, for which the Sword
 Unto the Distaff could no help afford:
 New *Agincourts* and *Cressys* may'st thou gain,
 To shew the Salick Law was made in vain.
 And may'st thou by a nobler Union far
 Than that which joined *York* and *Lancaster*,

Fix:

|| Catherine de Medicis, who spent many Years in working some Beds, now in the French King's Garde-meuble.

Fix in thy Subject's Hearts such harmony
 That they again may never disagree
 And last of all (to draw unto a close
 Upon a Subject which no Limits knows)
 May this great Festival reserved be
 For Births of numerous Hero's which from Thee
 May spring, in these our Days; to represent
 The *Williams, Maurices, Collyers*, sent
 From Heav'n, oppressed Nations to relieve;
 Hero's, whose glorious Actions may revive
 The Brave *Plantagenets* and *Tudor's* Sage,
 And the Great *Bourbons* of our Father's Age;
 Whose Glory to the highest pitch may rise,
 The Seas their Empire bound, their fame the Skyes.

Hentius Rosas, Regna Jacobus, Corda MARIA.